

# LOYALTY, ARISTOCRACY

AND

# JINGOISM.

Three Lectures

*Delivered before the Young Men's Liberal Club, Toronto.*

BY

GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

---

NEW EDITION.

---

Toronto:

THE HUNTER, ROSE CO., LTD.

1896.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

*The* EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE  
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



*Queen's University at Kingston*

# LOYALTY, ARISTOCRACY, AND JINGOISM.

## Three Lectures

*Delivered before the Young Men's Liberal Club, Toronto*

BY

GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

NEW EDITION.



Toronto :  
THE HUNTER, ROSE CO., LTD.  
1896.



## PREFACE.

---

The following Lectures were delivered before the Young Men's Liberal Club, of Toronto, in February, May and November, 1891. It is not necessary to say anything by way of preface, except that the position of the Lecturer and his audience was not aggressive but defensive, the Lectures having been called forth by the vehement and systematic attacks of the Conservatives on the character of the Liberals for loyalty and patriotism at the time of the last general election.

G. S.

TORONTO, November 12th, 1891.

---

## PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

---

It may be as well to add to what has been above said a word in relation to the conspiracy to hand over Canada to the United States with which those who are friendly to a union, whether commercial or political, with the people of the United States, and the leaders of the Liberal party in Canada have been charged. It is at election times and for an electioneering purpose, it will be observed, that these stories are set on foot. This stamps their origin and character. In 1891 there was no constitutional cause for a dissolution of Parliament, the

Government having a large majority, and no special occasion for an appeal to the people having arisen. But it was thought desirable to snap a verdict on the Government policy. A dissolution was therefore resolved upon, and for this a pretext had to be found. The pretext first put forth was that a negotiation for Reciprocity was on foot with the Government at Washington, and that for this a popular mandate was required. This pretext was at once demolished by a published letter of Mr. Blaine, the American Secretary of State, declaring that no negotiations whatever were on foot between the two countries. The Ministers then fell back on the story of a conspiracy formed for the purpose of betraying Canada to the Americans, to which they pretended that the leaders of the Canadian Liberals generally were parties. The proofs produced by them for the existence of this conspiracy were:—

1. The Farrer Pamphlet, so called; for it seems to have been in reality not a pamphlet or intended for circulation, but a sort of brief on the American side of the Fisheries case, prepared by Mr. Farrer, as a professional journalist, for his American correspondents. The proof-sheets of this document were purloined from the printing office and put into the hands of the Tory leaders by a printer, who for that act was disgraced by his Union, but was rewarded by the late Sir John Thompson with an appointment to the Department of Justice. Neither the Liberal leaders nor anyone else had anything whatever to do with Mr. Farrer's brief or any knowledge of its existence. An attempt to connect

the present writer with it was afterwards made by the publication in the Ministerial organ of a document purporting to be his instructions to the printer to set up a pamphlet of his own uniform with that of Mr. Farrer. This document, it was pretended, had been carried away, like Mr. Farrer's proof-sheets, from the printing office. But the writer proved it to be a fabrication, by producing his genuine instructions, which directed the printer to set up uniform with a previous pamphlet of his own.

2. A private correspondence which passed between Mr. Farrer, Mr. Hitt (a Member of Congress), and Mr. Erastus Wiman, and of which two letters were published in the *English Contemporary Review*, by Sir Charles Tupper, as evidence of a "formidable conspiracy," with the authors of which, he said, the leaders of the Liberal party in Canada were associated. Sir Charles states that he received the letters from a gentleman who had received them from Mr. Wiman. But he does not give the gentleman's name, or allege that Mr. Wiman's leave had been obtained for the publication; he implies indeed that it had not. He has yet to show, then, that in this use of private letters he did not break the law of honour. He unquestionably broke the law of the public service in publishing a party article relating to Canadian politics in an English review, when his position as a representative of the whole Canadian people bound him to the strictest impartiality. Anyone who took the trouble to read the letters, would see that, instead of being proofs of a "formidable conspiracy" among the writers, they were proofs of disagreement among them.



Of the three persons concerned one was opposed to commercial union and in favour of political union ; another, Mr. Wiman, was opposed to political union and in favour of commercial union ; while Mr. Hitt's name has been connected with commercial union, a resolution in favour of which he had introduced in Congress, and with commercial union alone.

If there was anything treasonable in any of these documents, why were they not put into the hands of public justice ? Why were they used only on the stump or for an electioneering purpose ?

What confidence can be reposed in the statements of men who do not scruple to reward theft with an appointment in the public service, or to make use of private letters not honourably obtained ?

These stories of conspiracy are electioneering lies and nothing more. Mutual consultation there must of course be among the friends of a union on both sides, as there doubtless was among the friends of union between England and Scotland. But mutual consultation is not conspiracy. Conspiracy in our case there has never been nor will ever be.

The Continental Union Association binds itself strictly to constitutional methods. It expressly declares that it desires nothing to be done without the consent of the mother country. It seeks only to lay the case fairly before the people of Canada whose judgment it will then



abide. In this there can be no treason if opinion in Canada is free.

There is no treason or thought of treason anywhere. There is only a radical difference of opinion as to the policy which would be the most conducive to the wealth and happiness of the Canadian people. The whole class of politicians naturally clings to the separate Government at Ottawa with all that appertains thereto. Social aristocracy clings to connection with the social aristocracy of England and to the hope of Imperial honours. These and perhaps other interests of a special kind as well as traditional sentiment and antipathies are on one side; the interest of Canadian homes is on the other. The Continental Union Association is on the side of the homes.

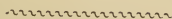
G S.

TORONTO, February, 1896.

---



# LOYALTY.\*



YOU have done me the honour, Gentlemen of the Liberal Club, to desire that I should read to you an address on the subject of "Loyalty." I gladly respond to your request. But you will allow me to address you on this occasion as liberal-minded men, not as Liberals in the party sense of the term. I have been asked, as I am with you in this struggle, why I do not join your party? I reply that I am with you and with anyone in a struggle such as that on which you are now entering against Commercial Monopoly and Government by Corruption, and hope with other citizens to do my best in the day of battle; but when I am invited to join a party my answer must be that I have always steadfastly set my face towards national government, and that I and others, if there are any who think as I do, are more likely to be useful by being true to our own principle, and saying what there is to be said for it, than by compromising it in order to take a more active part in politics. Then I am not sure

---

\*Delivered before the Young Men's Liberal Club, Toronto, February 2nd, 1891.

about my qualification for admission. A Liberal in England I was held to be, and even a thorough-going Liberal, though I always had a rooted abhorrence of violence and revolution. But I am not sure that I should pass muster with your organization. I am a Liberal of the Old School, one of those who wish Government to mind its own business, who desire that at last man should have a chance of self-development, and who are no more inclined to submit to the tyranny of majorities calling themselves the State, than to the tyranny of kings. Perhaps the best reason of all is that at my time of life it is too late to put on new harness, and a man can only go on his own way supporting what he thinks right and opposing what he thinks wrong. With those who are fighting against Monopoly and Corruption no good citizen can hesitate to take part.

But to the question. It is not wonderful that you wish just now to get all the information you can about loyalty. The air is full of loud professions of it, and still louder denunciations of disloyalty. The suspicion of disloyalty evidently entails serious consequences, extending in certain contingencies to being sabred by some loyal warrior on the street. What is, perhaps, of more practical importance is that the cry, by its effect on nervous persons, is likely to prevent the fair consideration of questions vital to the welfare of our people.

There certainly is something peculiar about this virtue. There is a species of it, at all events, which very happily coincides with self-interest. The loyal are sometimes like the Puritan Saints, who deemed it their religious duty to inherit the earth. Conquerors and oppressors, for instance, always call submission loyalty and patriotism treason. Again, loyalty seems, unlike other virtues, to find a home in breasts in which no other virtue can dwell. No men ever were louder or probably more sincere in their professions of it than were Scroggs and Jeffreys at the time when they were judicially murdering Russell and Sydney or going on a Bloody Assize. The carpet-baggers who governed and swindled the South after the Civil War, in like manner, overflowed with it, and whenever they had been detected in some gross act of corruption the defence was that they were always "truly loil." On the other hand, in some breasts where other virtues, political as well as social, do undeniably dwell in full measure, we find this virtue strangely absent. In the British Empire loyalty seems to have the peculiarity of being eminently colonial. It is like the reverence for the Papacy, the intensity of which was always found to vary in direct proportion to the distance from Rome. At the Plimsoll banquet the other night, after we had listened to the usual declamations on this theme, a speaker remarked that Mr. Plimsoll might know he was

not in England, but in Canada, when he heard so much about loyalty, of which nobody boasted in England. This remark was true as well as neat. In England you never heard a word said on the subject. Everybody takes it for granted that you are not in a plot to overturn the dynasty. Suppose a lady were to go about in society assuring everybody that her hair and teeth were her own, that her complexion was not paint, and that the lines of her figure were those laid down by nature, would she not be apt to create the suspicion which she was so anxious to avert?

What is the original signification of the word? *Loyauté* means respect for law and fidelity to obligation. Shakespeare uses it for fidelity to the marriage vow, to filial duty, to friendship, as well as for fidelity to the king. Milton makes Comus offer the lady the shelter of a "loyal" cottage, that is, a cottage true to the law of hospitality. The term especially denoted fidelity to those feudal obligations which were the organic law of the time. Those obligations were reciprocal; it was not only the vassal that owed duty to the lord; the lord also owed duty to the vassal. If the lord did not perform his duty, the vassal renounced his allegiance by a regular form, called defiance. De Montfort and the patriot barons thus formally renounced their allegiance to Henry III. Divine Right was not the creed of those



days, nor was there any blind and spaniel-like devotion to the person of the king. The feudalists were rough but they were not fools; if they had been they could not have founded European society and the British Constitution. Edward I., the greatest of all feudal monarchs, was no fetich, but a noble man living in free and frank intercourse with his peers, foremost in battle and adventure, claiming loyalty by a right truly divine. It is not till we come to the Tudor despotism that the fetichism begins. Before Henry VIII., a bloated monster of selfishness and vice, steeped in uxoricide and judicial murder, his slaves grovel in the dust. They compare him to the sun in its glory and almost to God. Adulation well-nigh equally extravagant is paid to his daughter, though in this case the baseness is redeemed by the generous illusion which saw the nation impersonated in its queen. Shakespeare, however, you will see, though thoroughly monarchical, is never slavish. But it is with the Stuarts that Divine Right appears as the courtiers' creed, and that loyalty arrogates the character of a distinct virtue. Bishops tell James I. when he insults the Puritans that he speaks by the inspiration of God, and divines preach before Charles I. the doctrine that there can be no such thing as justice between the king and the subject, any more than between God and the creature. Now it is that the hearts of all who support Stuart despotism, in the words of the Cavalier song, are



“crowned with loyal fires.” We respect the tradition of the Cavaliers as we respect any tradition of gallantry and misfortune. Some of those men really sacrificed estate and life for what they sincerely believed to be the right, though there was also a large element of what Carlyle calls “truculent flunkeyism.” But nobody in England would think of bowing his head to the descendants of the Cavaliers or letting them settle the destinies of the nation. The grass has grown over the graves of Edgehill and Naseby, as it must grow at last over all graves. The other day, when on a visit to England, I found myself in the house of a friend who represented one of the Cavalier families. The relics of Charles the First’s standard-bearer at Edgehill hung on the walls, but the family were leading Liberals. However, it was under the Restoration, and especially at the evil close of Charles the Second’s reign, that the Loyalists became a regular party supporting royal usurpation and judicial murder, and being well paid for their devotion. North, himself a strong Tory, describes that party of the men that went about drinking and huzzaing. One of the loudest of them was Chief Justice Scroggs, of whom North says, “that he was of a mean extract, having been a butcher’s son, who wrought himself into business in the law,” that he was “a great voluptuary, being a companion of the High Court rakes,” and “had a true libertine principle.” “Scroggs,” North tells us, “was preferred for professing

loyalty, but Oates, coming forward with a swinging popularity, he took in and ranted on that side most impetuously." The same men, under the same romantic designation, combined to support the tyranny of James II. and to help him in cutting the throat of national liberty. But when James II. laid his hand upon the rich possessions of the Church, the other side of loyalism was seen. We can understand the King's surprise and partly sympathize with his disgust. However, loyalism soon recovered itself, and after calling in William of Orange to deliver it, it began to show its fidelity to principle by plotting against his Government and life. Presently it proceeded to signalize itself by betraying the nation at Utrecht, and afterwards by a series of half-tipsy intrigues and pot-valiant swaggerings in the interest of the "King over the Water." A more despicable party than the English Jacobites, who seemed to themselves and in a sense were, the very pink of loyalty, never appeared on the scene of history. It is needless to say how loyalism repaired its golden fires under George III., how passionate was its devotion to the person of that excellent monarch, especially when he was out of his mind, and what services it rendered to the country by bringing on the American war and vetoing Catholic Emancipation. Places, pensions, bishoprics, deaneries, and sinecures without number, were its reward.

In Canada loyalty was at its zenith under the "Family Compact." But again it showed its peculiar character as a virtue. So long as the Crown was on its side, gave it all the patronage and emoluments, and protected it against reform, it was passionately devoted to the Crown and the mother country. But when with the growth of the Reform movement in England the Crown changed its policy, a change came over the spirit of Colonial loyalism also. When two Family Compact officials were dismissed for opposing the Liberal policy of the Government, Loyalist organs began to proclaim that their attachment to the Empire had received a fatal shock and that they would have to turn their eyes elsewhere. Afterwards we know what an exhibition of loyalty ensued upon the passage of the Rebellion Losses bill. The principle of the Loyalists upon that occasion, it must be owned, was severely tried; but it did not prove equal to the trial. Flinging rotten eggs and stones at the Governor-General was a singular display of devotion to the Crown. We need not insinuate that on that account loyalty was insincere. The African believes in his idol though he whips it for not giving him what he wants.

In the days of old the idol of loyalty was, at all events, a substance, not a shadow, as it still is in countries really under monarchical government, and in which the people look up like children, for the maintenance of

order and almost for their daily bread to their paternal king. But how is it with us? Sunday after Sunday we solemnly pray to God that Her Majesty and Her Majesty's representative may be enabled to govern us well. Let Her Majesty or Her Majesty's representative presume to do a single act against the wishes of the Tory Prime Minister; let either of them veto a single job or bribe, and we know what would be the result. Yet we profess to believe that God is not to be mocked. This professed devotion to an empty name is, however, not without its substantial use. By loud protestations of loyalty to the Crown, which he knows will never cost him anything, a man absolves himself from loyalty to the commonwealth. He feels himself perfectly at liberty to cabal and conspire as much as he pleases against the public good in his own interest, or in that of some exclusive order or sectional combination, because he is loyal to a Crown divested of all its power, and to the name of a connection with the mother country which he has practically reduced to a mere shadow. I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of any feeling which is genuine however out of date, but there are not a few cases, in which loyalty to the Crown is a fine name for disloyalty to the country and loyalty to British connection is a fine name for disloyalty to Canada.

The loyalty cry is now being raised, in default of any

economical argument, to deter the country from accepting the benefits of Reciprocity and to scare it into acquiescence in a policy of which commercial atrophy and the exodus are the visible and inevitable results. Here we see with what curious exactness a Loyalist's virtue follows the lines of his own interest through all their twistings and windings. To exclude British goods by protective duties is perfectly loyal. It is perfectly loyal to wage what in fact is a tariff war against the mother country. But to discriminate against the mother country is disloyal in the highest degree. The very thought of it is enough to almost throw a loyal man into convulsions. Yet discrimination would have no disloyal object. It would be not against England in particular but against all countries alike. It would evince no change of feeling towards the mother country, or towards the political connection. It would not take a penny from the revenue of the crown or a particle from its power or dignity. It would hardly take away anything from the commercial wealth of the British people. The enhanced value of their Canadian investments which would result from free trade would probably make up to them for the loss which a few exporting houses would sustain. But the same measure would expose the protected manufacturers of Canada to Continental competition. Therefore he who proposes it is a traitor.



The commercial unity of the Empire is at an end. It was formally declared to be at an end when an Australian colony claimed the right to lay protective duties on British goods, and the question having been considered by the Home Government was decided in favour of the claim. Great Britain has withdrawn all commercial privileges from the colonies, and by the same act she has conceded to them the liberty of doing the best they can commercially for themselves, each according to the circumstances of its own case. The commercial circumstances of Canada are those of a country placed alongside a great neighbour who is under the protective system, and whose policy it is impossible for her in regulating her own to ignore, as it is to ignore the physical features of her continent. The commercial unity of the Empire having been, I repeat, dissolved by the act of the mother country herself, which deprived the colonies of their privileges, there can be nothing disloyal in recognizing the necessities of our own case. Offer us free trade with the whole world, the mother country included, and there are some of us who will gladly accept it. Will the loyal men of the Red Parlour do the same ?

We are disloyal, it is said, because we propose to enter into a tariff arrangement with the United States, and by entering into a tariff arrangement with the United States we should compromise the fiscal independence of the

country. Of course you cannot make a treaty without surrendering to that extent, and so long as the treaty lasts, your independence of action. But if the treaty is fair, where is the dishonour? Was there any dishonour in the Elgin Treaty? Was there any dishonour in the commercial treaty made by England with France? It is idle to think that in commercial matters we can be entirely independent of the United States. We must be beholden to them for our principal winter ports. We must trust to their comity for the transmission of our goods in bond. Our railway system is bound up with theirs. What we call our great national road, the road which was to be the pledge of our eternal separation from them, not only has branches running into their territory, but actually passes with its trunk line through the State of Maine. If there is any disloyalty in this matter it would appear to be in maintaining a fiscal policy which is constantly driving the flower of our population over the line, and saves Canada from annexation by annexing the Canadians.

Does anyone want to be told what is really disloyal? It is disloyal to assemble the representatives of a particular commercial interest before the elections and virtually sell to them the policy of the country. It is disloyal to seek by corrupt means the support of particular nationalities, churches, political orders, or sectional interests of any kind, against the broad interest of the



community. It is disloyal to sap the independence of provinces and reduce them to servile pensioners on the Central Government, by systematically bribing them with "better terms" and federal grants. It is disloyal to use the appointments to a branch of the national legislature as inducements to partisans to spend money in elections. It is disloyal to use public works, which ought to be undertaken only for the general good, for the purpose of bribing particular constituencies. It is disloyal to make concessions to public contractors which are to be repaid by contributions to an election fund. It is disloyal to corrupt the public press, and thus to poison the wells of public instruction and public sentiment. It is disloyal to tamper with the article of the Constitution respecting the time of general elections by thimblerrigging dissolutions brought on to snap a national verdict. It is disloyal to vitiate the national verdict by gerrymandering. It is disloyal to surrender the national veto on provincial legislation, the very palladium of nationality, out of fear of the Jesuit vote. All corruption is disloyalty. All sectionalism is disloyalty. All but pure, straightforward and honourable conduct in the management of public affairs is disloyalty. If it is not disloyalty to a Crown on a cushion, it is disloyalty to the Commonwealth.

"Loyalty" still has a meaning though the feudal

relation between lord and vassal has passed away. It means thorough-going and self-sacrificing devotion to a principle, a cause, or the community. All that is contrary to such devotion or tends to its disparagement is still disloyal.

The question of our political relations is not now before us. We are dealing with the commercial question alone. But suppose the political question were before us, would there be any disloyalty in dealing with it frankly and honestly? I say frankly and honestly. There is disloyalty in any sort of intrigue. But who has intrigued? According to the Government organs the country is a nest of conspirators. Everybody who goes to Washington goes for the purpose of conspiracy, as though real conspirators would not have the sense to keep their names out of the hotel book. I have myself been charged in the Government organ with going to Washington to sell the country. I go to Washington every Spring with my wife on our regular Southern trip, and at no other time; mainly for the purpose of seeing personal friends, the chief of whom was the late Mr. Bancroft. I have been charged by the same organ with being a party to bringing American money into the country for the purpose of influencing the elections, the evidence being that my friend Mr. Hallam, to whom I never said a syllable on the subject of poli-

tical relations, had proposed to raise a fund for the diffusion of knowledge about the tariff question.\* An attempt was at last made to connect me with what was alleged to be a treasonable publication by means of a document purporting to my instructions to my printers. The document was stated to have been stolen from the printing office by a person employed there, an act which, to burning loyalty, seemed loyal. But it was proved by me conclusively to be a fabrication.

Treason is a crime. If anybody has been guilty of it bring him to justice. But it is time that people should know that to charge your fellow-citizens, men in as good standing as yourself, with treason and with trying to sell the country, without any proof of the fact, is a social offence. He who, for the purpose of his own ambition or gain, falsely divides the community on such lines, is himself guilty of the most pernicious treason.

There has just been a meeting of Imperial Federationists, of whose aspiration I desire to speak with all respect. The object of Imperial Federationists is to make a great change in our political relations. They seek to reverse the process of decentralization which, apparently, in obedience to the dictate of nature, has been going on for so many years, to take from Canada a part of her

---

\* It has since appeared that the very persons who brought this charge themselves did not scruple to take toll of an American firm for a political purpose.

self-government, and to place her again under the authority of a central power. They fancy, indeed, that they can have an Imperial Federation without detracting from colonial self-government. But how could this be when each of the colonies would be subject certainly to military assessments, and probably to fiscal control; for it is hardly possible to imagine a federation with a multiplicity of tariffs, some of them hostile to others, as those of protectionist colonies now are to the mother country? What the plan of the Imperial Federationists is, remains a mystery. They tell us not to ask them for a cut-and-dried scheme. We do not ask for a scheme either cut or dried, but only for one that shall be intelligible and a possible subject of discussion. Readjustment of postage-rates is not confederation. However, it lies not in their mouths to say that a proposal of change must be disloyal. If they are at liberty to advocate centralization, "Canada First" was equally at liberty to advocate independence. "Canada First," in its day, was denounced as disloyal. I well recollect when you were told that to speak of Canada as a nation was treason. We have now got beyond that point, I suppose, since adherence to the National Policy is now the height of loyalty. If there is any question of loyalty in the matter, it might be thought that they were the most loyal who desired for their country a higher position than that of perpetual dependence. Whether their aspirations were feasible is another ques-

tion. They hardly took into account the French difficulty, nor did they or perhaps anybody at that time distinctly see what effect the enormous extension of disjointed territory toward the West would have on the geographical unity of the nation. But their aspiration was high; they were responding in fact to the appeal which the authors of Confederation themselves had made to the heart of the country, and never was the name of loyalty more traduced than when they were called disloyal.

There are men living, high in public life and in the Conservative ranks, who signed a manifesto in favour, I do not say of Annexation, which is a false and hateful term, but of political union with the United States. Nothing is more irrational or ungenerous than to taunt people with opinions which they once honestly held and have since not less honestly renounced. It is not for any such purpose that I refer to the Montreal manifesto. But such a manifesto could not have been signed by such men if the question were not one which might be entertained without disloyalty, provided always that those who entertain it remain firm, pending its solution, in their dutiful allegiance to their own country. For my own part, being not a politician, but a student, and restrained by no exigencies of statecraft, I never conceal my opinion. I have always deplored the schism which

divided our race a century ago. I hold that there was wrong on both sides, and not less on the side of the American Revolutionists than on that of the British Government. I hope and steadfastly believe that some day the schism will be healed, that there will be a moral reunion, which alone is possible, of the American colonies of Great Britain with their mother country, and a complete reunion, with the hearty sanction of the mother country, of the whole race upon this continent. Great Britain will in time see that she has no real interest here but amity and trade. The unity of the race, and the immense advantages of a settlement which would shut out war from this continent and make it an economical whole, will prevail, I feel convinced, in the end over evil memories and the efforts of those who cherish them. That the consummation will come in my time is unlikely, though a Government of monopoly and corruption is driving it on apace. At all events, I have no more personal interest in it than in any astronomical event. Nor would I wish to see it hastened by any means which would impair its perfect spontaneity. On the other hand, nobody who believes in ultimate union can wish to see the earnings of the people wasted in desperate efforts to perpetuate separation. A hundred millions of public money or money's worth, at least, have been spent on this great national road by which the triumph of the Separatist policy was to be secured forever.



Not a Yankee was to have a cent in the enterprise or to have anything to do with it, and the road was to run entirely over our own territory, not touching the accursed Yankee soil. The road has been built partly with Yankee money; it had for some time an eminent Yankee politician for its vice-president; it has now a Yankee for its president; it runs through the Yankee State of Maine, and connects our system with the Yankee system at more points than one. It is, in fact, half a Yankee road. So much for the wisdom and hopefulness of a fight against Nature.

Whether Commercial Union would accelerate political union or retard it, who can say? The Elgin Treaty manifestly put off political union by removing discontent. But railway union and social union and the fusion of the populations by the exodus, all manifestly tend to political union. Who thinks it disloyal to contribute to these? If a man makes himself prominent in cultivating loyal antipathy to Americans, you are as likely as not to find that he is in the service of an American railroad company and helping, honourably enough, to send Canadians to the States. The other day I was myself reviled in the most unmeasured language for my supposed American proclivities. Soon afterwards I heard that my assailant had accepted a call as a minister to the other side of the line.



On this continent, not in Europe ; in the New World, not in the Old ; the lot of Canada and of Canadians is cast. This fixes our general destiny, whatever special arrangements of a political kind the future may have in store. This sets the mark of our aspirations and traces the line of our public duty. This determines for us what is genuine loyalty. That course of action which leads to the happy development of man on our own continent is for us loyal. To say that loyalty consists in keeping this community always in dependence on a community three thousand miles off and condemning it to be without a life of its own, is to set loyalty at fatal odds not only with nature but with genuine sentiment. Nature assigns us not only the more practicable but the nobler part.

It is irrational to rail against British aristocracy. British aristocracy is an historical institution ; it had its day of usefulness in its own country ; and perhaps in its own country, if it faces the crisis gallantly, it may do some good still. But it can do no good here. It can breed and does breed nothing here but false ambition, flunkeyism, title-hunting, and sycophantic professions. It draws away the hearts of wealthy and ambitious Canadians from their own country to Downing Street and Mayfair. Let it retire to its own land. To sacrifice Canada to its policy and make her a perpetual engine in its hands for preventing the triumph of democracy on

this continent is to put her to service which loyalty to her and to humanity as well as good sense abhors. Let British aristocracy, I repeat, do the best it can and live as long as it can in Great Britain; it has no business here. It is said, I believe truly, though it was not reported at the time, that when the Mulock Resolution was put, one very eminent member of the Opposition uttered some manly words and went out of the House. He carried true loyalty with him and left something that was not loyal or true behind. Let British aristocracy withdraw with grace from a world for which it has done nothing, and which has never belonged to it. The Governor-Generalship surely would not be a great loss to it. How can any man of mark or spirit wish to play the part of a figure-head, or, worse still, by the exercise of his mock prerogative to help in loading the dice for a gambling politician?

There might be danger and there might be disloyalty in touching this question if there were on the part of Americans any disposition to aggression. But there is none. If the Americans meditated annexation by force, why did they not attack us when they had a vast and victorious army? If they meditate annexation by pressure, why do they allow us bonding privileges and the use of their winter ports. The McKinley Bill was eagerly hailed by Separatists here as an act of American hos-

tility. Its object was simply to rivet and extend protection, at the same time catching the farmer's vote, for which politicians fish there with the same bait with which Sir John Macdonald fishes here. Of course as there are paper tigers on our side of the line, there are tail-twisters on the other side. One of the most valiant of them, in the person of Senator Ingalls, has just bitten the dust. The tail-twisters have as much influence there as the paper tigers have here, and no more. These suspicions when unjustified are undignified. They expose us to ridicule, while they prevent us from seeing in its true light and settling wisely the great question of our own future.

Those who say that the country is suffering from a bad fiscal policy and from the corruption of government are branded as disloyal. They are charged with decrying Canada by telling this unpleasant truth. Truth, pleasant or unpleasant, can never be disloyal. But let the accusers look back to their own record before 1878, when the opposite party was in power. What pictures of national distress and ruin were then painted! What pessimism was uttered and penned! What jeremiads rung in our ears! Soup kitchens, some thought, were opened not so much for the relief of distress as to present in the most vivid and harrowing manner the state to which Liberal policy had reduced the people. Is it the rising flood of

prosperity that is sending so many Canadians over the line? It was disloyal to say that railway monopoly was keeping back the Northwest. What do they say about that now?

Is it loyal to turn our Public Schools into seedplots of international enmity by implanting hatred of the Americans in the breasts of children? The Public Schools are maintained by all for the benefit of all, and it is an abuse of trust to use them for party purposes. Nor does it seem very chivalrous to be inveigling children instead of appealing to men. Celebrations of victories gained in bygone quarrels over people who are now your friends are perhaps not the sort of things to which the bravest are the most prone. Wellington and the men who had fought with him at Waterloo used to dine together on that day. This was very well, especially as those victorious veterans did not crow or bluster. But it forms no precedent for boastful demonstrations by us, who did not fight at Queenston Heights or Lundy's Lane. And when this war spirit is got up, whom are we to fight? The one million of Canadians and their half-million of children now settled on the other side of the line? All the British immigrants who have been pouring into the United States during the last generation? Literally when we take away from the population of Canada the French and other nationalities, there would be as many

men of British blood on the enemy's side as on ours. "Bombard New York!" said a Canadian of my acquaintance; "why, my four sons live there!"

Is it loyal to threaten us with settling questions on horseback, in other words, with military coercion? The English people would not endure such threats from the commanders of the army which won the Alma and Inkerman. I heard one of these tirades read out at a Commercial Union meeting by a tall farmer, who when he had done said, "Now we want no nonsense"—whereat a number of other tall farmers with deep voices cried, "Hear! hear!" There is force enough, let us hope, in the country to vindicate its own freedom of deliberation and its power of self-disposal. The only effect of menaces such as are sometimes heard will be to make our people more deaf than ever to the appeals of British Imperialists who exhort us to maintain a standing army as a safeguard for our independence. Our independence is safe enough from any hostile aggression, and our liberty is safer in our own hands than in those of warriors who propose to decide political questions for us on horseback.

I trust that in dealing with American history, I have not failed to do justice to the United Empire Loyalists. I have classed their devotion with the character of Washington, and the fortitude of his soldiers at Valley Forge as the three heroic features of the American Revolution.

But there must be a limit to the claim of their descendants to dictate Canadian opinion. The children of the U. E. Loyalists are now a small minority of our population and probably by this time, the exodus having been always going on, there are almost as many of them on the other side of the line, as there are on this side. Nor was every U. E. Loyalist exile a martyr to his allegiance. Not a few owed their loss of country to acts committed by them during a revolutionary war, for which they would have justly suffered had they remained at home. Hence Lord Cornwallis, when commanding in Ireland, could compare the behaviour of the ferocious yeomanry there to that of the American Loyalists. Richard Lippincott, for example, from whom one of the U. E. Loyalist families traces its descent and derives its claim to consideration, was forced to fly, not on account of his loyalty, but as the murderer of Huddy, a Whig prisoner of war committed to his hands. Not Washington only, but the British Commanders, Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Guy Carleton, expressed the strongest indignation at the crime. Washington, failing to get Lippincott into his hands, selected by lot for retaliation Captain Asgill of the guards, who was saved from execution only by French intervention on his behalf.\* A pedigree traced to such a Loyalist as this, can hardly entitle any family to special homage,

---

\* See Sabine's *Loyalists of the American Revolution*, II., 18, Sabine, though an American, is thoroughly just and sympathetic.



much less to the privilege of indulging in insolence towards its fellow citizens.


Loyalists appeal to the memories of those who fought and fell at Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane. We also appeal to those memories. Honour to the brave who gave their lives for Canada! As they did their duty to their country then by defending her against unjust invasion, they would now, if they were alive, be doing their duty to her by helping to rescue her from monopoly and corruption. Honour, once more, to the truly brave! Let us build their monuments by all means. We are all as ready as any Loyalist to contribute, if only we may be allowed, to make the memorial, like the joint monument to Wolfe and Montcalm at Quebec, a noble and chivalrous tribute to heroism, not an ignoble record of a bygone feud, and to grave on it words expressive not of perpetual enmity, but of the reconciliation of our race.

Let us be true to the country, keep her interest above all other interests, personal, partisan, or sectional, in our hearts; be ready to make all sacrifices to it which a reasonable patriotism demands; be straightforward and aboveboard in all our dealings with public questions, and never, out of fear of unpopularity or abuse, shrink from the honest expression of opinion and the courageous advocacy of whatever we conscientiously believe to be good for the community. So long as we do this, depend upon it, we are loyal.



# ARISTOCRACY.\*

---

RISTOCRACY, on which I am briefly to address you this evening, has once more become a subject of practical interest for us here. Knighthoods we have long been enjoying; but knighthoods, not being hereditary, though they are feudal, are hardly aristocratic. Now, baronetcies are again being created, and colonial peerages are being conferred. We are called upon again to consider whether social distinction on the hereditary principle can be usefully implanted here.

Louis XIV., as we all know, tried to create an aristocracy in Quebec. Though his absolute monarchy had been founded on the ruin of feudalism, and he had emasculated the feudal nobility by turning them from local lords into the courtiers of Versailles, Louis was socially an aristocrat to the core. He withheld an archbishopric from Bossuet because the greatest man of the French Church was a commoner, while a nobleman of scandalous life

---

\* Delivered before the Young Men's Liberal Club, Toronto, May 11th, 1891. The Lecture has been partly revised with reference to subsequent developments, especially the creation of Colonial Peerages.

was archbishop of Paris. But not even the fiat of the great king could make the plant of Privilege take root in the soil destined for Equality. A single barony remains the lonely monument of his design. Even this for some time fell into abeyance or ceased to be legally recognized, and only by family effort was it restored. For the rest, Louis seems to have succeeded merely in calling into existence a certain amount of ragged pride, insolence, and idleness, probably not unlike the noblesse of "white trash," which used to loaf about the Slave States, giving itself high airs because it did not work.

Pitt, the Tory Minister of Great Britain, projected for Canada a hereditary House of Lords, by him and his party deemed the first of political blessings. Fox warned him that the field was unsuitable and that he would fail. Fail the great Tory Minister did, more completely even than the great French King. A House of Lords would plainly be a house of shreds and patches without hereditary estates: a peer who had to peddle small wares for his living in the morning, could not assume much dignity or authority in the evening, even if you set him in a hall of state; and hereditary estates in a colony, as Fox foresaw, there could not be. No political peerage ever came into existence. We have, it is true, a faint shadow of the House of Lords in our nominee Senate, with its gilded chairs. This is the nearest approach made to the

fulfilment of Pitt's idea. A branch of the legislature nominated by a Minister of the Crown out of his personal adherents and the contributors to his party fund, has, at all events, little enough to do with popular institutions. Combined with a power of dissolution, which makes the tenure of the other branch of the legislature dependent on the Minister's will, and with a power practically almost unlimited of expending public money for local objects, it is likely to make our Parliamentary system what all the Governors-General tell us, and we boast that it is, a pre-eminently pure and perfect expression of the convictions and wishes of the people !

To found a social aristocracy, a feeble attempt was made by the creation of baronetcies, those curious demi-peerages invented by James I. for the replenishment of his exhausted exchequer, and sold by him in market overt at the price of £1,000 apiece. In England a baronetcy is often the half-way house on the road to a peerage. But like a peerage it requires hereditary wealth to support its respectability. It was perhaps for this reason that so few Colonial baronetcies were conferred. The practice seemed to have been given up. A baronet out at elbows would be almost as shocking to humanity as a peer. Now, however, the practice is revived, apparently by the Tory reaction which has set in against the growing tendency of the Colonies to independence, and we are

once more invited to judge in notable instances how close is the relation between hereditary title and public virtue.

Not only Colonial baronetcies but Colonial peerages are being created manifestly in pursuance of the same policy of reaction. The Colonial peer, however, is to take his seat not at Ottawa, as Pitt's peers had they come into existence would have done, but at Westminster, where we may safely say they will be of all lords the lordliest and the least Colonial. This is the mildest of all the forms of Imperial Federation. Wealth is the one indispensable qualification for hereditary honour, and a fresh stimulus will no doubt be given by this policy to the accumulation of Colonial fortunes, perhaps not always by the noblest means. To suppose that a millionaire translated to Westminster and Mayfair can be accepted as a representative by Canada or allowed to exercise an influence over our affairs is absurd. If any authority is conceded by the British legislation to Colonial peers on that assumption, the British legislature will be utterly misled. The transfer of great masses of wealth produced by Colonial industry from the Colony to London and the propagation among Colonists of a false aim for their ambition, are the benefits which the Colonies are likely to derive from the creation of a Colonial peerage.

The nearest approaches to social aristocracy which this continent has seen probably are the Dutch landowners of New York and the Planters of Virginia. An old Dutch lady was told that it was intended to alter the name of the Dutch Reformed Church and call it simply the Reformed Church, to make it more comprehensive. "I don't want it made comprehensive!" she replied, "it is the Church of the old Dutch families of this State." The claim of the Slave-owners of Virginia to figure as representatives of exiled cavaliers has, like the Norman pedigrees of the British peerage, been a good deal shaken by genealogical criticism: but supposing them to have been nothing better than Slave-owners, they were not less worthy of worship than the robbers which came with William the Conqueror to England, and from which aristocracy is so anxious to trace descent.

Let us say at once that in discussing aristocracy we are not discussing the use of titles. To titles there can be no reasonable objection so long as they go with a public trust or denote service done to the State. Government by force having here no place, reverence for lawful authority is the rock on which we must build; and till our natures become far more ethereal than they are now, some outward symbols will be necessary to sustain our reverence. We do not lower ourselves by giving the title of honourable to one who holds or has held an hon-

ourable office, though we do lower ourselves by giving it to a fool or an idler merely because he is his father's son. We do not lower ourselves by according an official costume and a proper address of respect to a judge. Let Republicanism be simple ; it must not carry its simplicity to the extent of nakedness, if it means to keep its hold on human sentiment. It must have, as the Commonwealth under Cromwell had, a decent and symbolic state of its own.

Nor have we anything to say against family traditions. If a man has ancestors of whom he has reason to be proud, let him, by all means, cherish their memory, provided he does it without ostentation, and tries to live up to their example. It is good for the commonwealth that we should keep up every little prop of virtue which such associations afford. It is good that we should preserve bonds of sentiment which save us from being, as Burke said without such bonds we should be, flies of a summer. It is especially good in communities like ours, still unsettled and migratory, whose population shifts like sand. The passion of the Americans for tracing their English pedigrees has nothing in it irrational or at variance with republican principle, though it is to be feared that the demand too often produces the supply. It is a natural and healthy feeling, always supposing that it contents itself with what it can find in the genuine parish regis-



ter and lets alone the Roll of Battle Abbey. The family Bible in which the little archives of the household used to be kept was a salutary as well as a pleasant institution. Of course pedigree-hunting has its weaknesses, among which is the fancy for tampering with names to give them an aristocratic sound. A Mr. Taylor who had grown rich and bought a country seat, changed his name to Tayleur. One day, being out with the hounds, he remarked to Lord Alvanley that a particular hound worked very well, and asked the hound's name. His name used, replied the wit, to be Jowler, but he has changed it to Jowleur.

It is scarcely needful to say that nothing is said against what is fancifully called the aristocracy of nature, that is, aristocracy of mind. Leading intellects there are, and it is well for us that we should follow them, though not to the idolatrous excess of hero-worship taught by Carlyle. They may be allowed, as Schopenhauer says they ought, to wear the social insignia of their power, to stand in some measure apart from the rest of us, and commune more with their own thoughts than with other men. Only let them remember that above the aristocracy of intellect is still the aristocracy of worth, which is the same in a ploughman or mechanic as in Milton or Newton, and which retains its dignity undwarfed while the power of mind and all human power

dwindles to nothing in face of the infinite universe. French Jacobins screamed against virtue itself as aristocratic, because it had pretensions to reverence, irrespective of the will of the divine people. This, like other bedlamite excesses of the Revolution, was a reaction from the reign of caste. While we renounce the worship of kings and nobles, let us not fall into the the worship of the people, that is, of our aggregate selves.

There are false applications of the word aristocracy, and false claims about the existence of the thing in these democratic communities. A trained and permanent civil service is sometimes denounced as an aristocracy, though it has nothing in it hereditary or aristocratic in any way. This prejudice, again, is the shadow of caste lingering on the public mind. We are still, even on this continent, in the penumbra of feudal institutions. Bureaucratic a permanent civil service may become, though hardly without an autocratic government behind it. There is more reason in the dread of a standing army as aristocratic. Military men are apt to form a caste. Let our military men bear this in mind, and take care not to make our people think that they will be fostering Toryism and Jingoism, or anything that will dragoon the community, if they are liberal to our volunteers.

Etymologically, aristocracy means the government of the best. It was the aim of political philosophy among

the Greeks to form at the head of the State a caste of citizens trained to perfection in body and mind, and dedicated wholly to the practice of virtue, so as to realize the statuesque and somewhat haughty ideal of excellence set before us in Aristotle's "Ethics." To this object were to be sacrificed not only the slaves who did the coarse work of every ancient State, but the bulk of the citizens, for the aristocrat was not to touch trade, handicrafts, or anything meaner than war. This was a Greek philosopher's dream, such as cannot even be dreamed in a modern commonwealth. But what we call an aristocracy—that is, an order of privilege without personal merit—a Greek would have called, not an aristocracy, but an oligarchy. He would have looked with disdain on the French *noblesse* or the English peerage as having nothing to do with intrinsic excellence, dedication to a high calling, or the pursuit of a noble ideal.

Of historical aristocracies there have been more than one kind. The primitive aristocracies of the Greek and Italian Republics were privileged bodies of old settlers, with a clannish organization, keeping the new settlers out of the pale of the commonwealth. The old settlers at Rome were the patricians; the new settlers were the plebeians; and the constitutional history of early Rome is the long struggle of the plebeians to break down the pale of privilege and make themselves full members of

the State. The later Roman aristocracy, that which by its resolute and unswerving counsels gave such steadiness to the policy of the conquering Republic, was a mixed aristocracy of wealth, family, and official rank, the official rank being obtained legally at least by popular election. It was the images of ancestors who had held high office, not merely "tenth transmitters of a foolish face," that the Roman grandee kept in his hall, and that were borne in his funeral procession. Again, there was the Venetian aristocracy. This was a close order of privileged families whose names were inscribed in the Golden Book. But the young nobles in the palmy days of Venice at least, besides serving the State in war, were, unlike the members of the House of Lords, laboriously trained in administrative duty. This aristocracy gave Venice internal peace and security for six centuries, while all was faction and revolution around her, But its government was dark, and often cruel, and the well-being which it secured was commercial and material. Ruskin's religious and virtuous Venice is not the Venice of history, not even of that period of history in which "the Stones of Venice" were laid.

The aristocracy with which we have to do, and which faintly and fitfully tries to propagate itself here, is an offspring of the feudal aristocracy of the Middle Ages. But it is a bastard offspring. The feudal aristocracy was

an organizing force in its day. The lord, though half-barbarian and often bad, was no idler or sybarite; he was the active head of the rural community, its magistrate in peace, its captain in war. In the absence of any central administration, there was no way of holding society together, or bringing the national force into the field, but such delegation of power to local authorities. The fiefs were not mere estates, but offices, and offices so onerous that, Stubbs tells us, the lives of the holders were shortened by toil and care, as well as by war. The forms of public duty attached to fiefs were not swept away till the reign of Charles II., when the landowners purchased their abolition of the Crown, making the nation pay the price by an excise duty. Not a few of the barons in the Middle Ages left castle, wife, the joys of the chase, and the song of the troubadour in the festive hall, to march to Syria in defence of Christian civilization against the inrolling tide of Mahometan conquest, and noble names are in the roll of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. The nobles seem to have pretty freely admitted merit of the military kind at least into their circle, and a humble squire like Nesle Loring, winning his nobility on the battle-field, could wear the Garter which is now the perquisite of grandees, and which one of them said he prized as the only thing nowadays not given by merit. In the House of Lords the barons mingled with bishops and abbots raised often from the



lowest rank, who usually formed more than half the House. The pride of mere birth, apart from power or distinction, seems rather to belong to a decadence, in which nothing but pedigrees remain. Of the comrades of William of Normandy, in fact, many could not have prided themselves on their birth, though they might on their strong arms. The sentiment does not meet you much, as far as I know, in writers of the feudal period, at least in the writers of its earlier and healthier portion. Fiefs if not at first hereditary, naturally became so; indeed, if the sovereign had kept the power of appointing anew on each vacancy his power would have been overwhelming. It was by the security of their tenure that the barons were enabled to act, in a rude and rather blind fashion, as the prospective trustees of liberty, and to rough-hew the British Constitution. Nominees of the Crown would never have extorted the Great Charter or founded the House of Commons. Evolution has taught us to do justice to every institution and organization in its own time and place. But feudal aristocracy carried in itself the seeds of anarchy and suicide. The anarchy was always breaking out, and the suicide came in the Wars of the Roses. By that time the day of modern society had dawned.

Out of the wreck of the feudal baronage rose the new aristocracy of the Tudors. This is the real date of the



modern English nobility; no higher source can it claim, in spite of the Norman pedigrees which used to figure in the peerage, till they were taken in hand by Professor Freeman. Some of the old feudal houses survived, though with a character changed by the new conditions, and the heir of one of them, a genuine Norman by lineage, was some time ago detected in cheating at cards. The Tudor aristocracy was an aristocracy of court minions, partakers in Henry's plunder of the Church, and accomplices in his judicial murders. Its ownership of Church lands is largely the account of its attachment to Protestantism and of such Liberalism as it ever displayed. This influence lasted even down to the days of the Stuart pretenders. About the first act of the new aristocracy was the judicial murder of the Protector Somerset, who though not the best of men, had shown a disposition to take the part of the people against upstart oppression. About its next act was the betrayal, under Mary, of the national religion, which it sold to the Pope for a quiet title to the Church lands, while peasants and mechanics went to the stake for their faith.

The new aristocracy in England did not become an aristocracy of courtiers, like the French *noblesse* under Louis XIV. It became an aristocracy of great landowners with rural palaces, and thus retained its influence. Good landowners, happily, no doubt some of them have

always been. But the order ceased to be an order of duty. Its political organ, the House of Lords, became an organ of privilege and reaction. Instead of extorting any more Great Charters, it blocked the Habeas Corpus Act. It never stood between the people and Tudor tyranny. It absolutely grovelled at the feet of the monster Henry VIII. When resistance to arbitrary government came, it was from Puritanism in the House of Commons. In the time of Charles I. a few peers showed by their conduct that ascendancy of conviction over interest which exceptionally distinguished the time; but most of them, after opposing Strafford, whom they regarded with jealousy as an upstart encroaching on their power, and Laud, whose Romanizing tendencies threatened their Church lands, as soon as they saw that reform was becoming dangerous to privilege, showed the natural bias of their order, and went over to the Crown. The Lords did not protest against the tyranny of Charles II. in his later days; nor did they protest against the murderous cruelties of James II., or even against his political usurpations, till their own interests were manifestly threatened. Not a voice was raised in the House of Lords, as far as we know, against the Bloody Assize or the murder of Alice Lisle. There was antagonism between aristocracy and Stuart absolutism, as well as between lay privilege and ecclesiastical ambition, besides the fear, still present, of an attempt on the part of the ecclesiastics

to disturb the great Houses in the possession of the Church lands.

After the final overthrow of the Stuarts, the German dynasty being weak and the system of rotten boroughs, which gave the Lords the nomination of a Great part of the House of Commons, having been left untouched at the Revolution, the aristocracy was in power. What followed? A reign of corruption more profound and shameless than has ever been seen in the United States. It is not suspected, I believe, that any treaty has been carried through the American Senate like the Treaty of Paris by sheer bribery. English politics were a struggle between different aristocratic cliques for a vast mass of public pelf. Chatham rose above all this, but Chatham was the man of the people. The head of the aristocracy was Newcastle, of all jobbers and wirepullers the most contemptible. Aristocratic morals were on a par with aristocratic politics, and the contagion of both spread among the people.

That the House of Lords has acted as the sober second-thought of the nation, correcting the rashness of the popular House, is a mere fiction. Why, indeed, should a young Lord be less rash than an old Commoner? The House of Lords has done nothing but block all change, as far as it dared, in the interest of privilege. It blocked

not only Parliamentary reform, but religious justice, the freedom of the press, personal liberty, and even measures of mere humanity, such as the reform of the criminal law and the abolition of the slave trade. It blocked Parliamentary reform till the nation was brought to the verge of revolution, when it succumbed to fear. Had it possessed wisdom and courage it might have usefully modified the change. The House of Lords has never initiated a reform or improvement of first-rate importance. Its legislative barrenness is almost as notable as that of our Senate. True, the great Whig houses took the lead in the struggle for Parliamentary reform. They had been out of power for half-a-century, and had contracted a strong spirit of opposition, which indeed they carried to an unpatriotic excess in their anti-national sympathy with Napoleon. But it was not in the cause of Parliamentary reform that they had forfeited place; it was through the coalition of the Crown and the people, provoked by the unprincipled coalition of Fox and North; nor had they when in power shown any disposition to resign their rotten boroughs, or in any way to purify the representation. They had their tradition of 1688, but it had not been found worth much when they were in power under George II.

Hereditary estates being the indispensable basis of hereditary power, the entrance to the House of Lords has

been ordinarily by the gate of wealth. Pitt said that any man who had ten thousand a year had a right to be made a peer if he pleased. All the Lord Chancellors have become peers as a matter of course ; but then a Lord Chancellor is sure to have made a fortune at the bar. The House can hardly be said to have been the national temple of honour. Leicester, Elizabeth's scoundrel lover, was a peer ; Walsingham, Drake, and Raleigh, who saved the country, were not. Under the Stuarts, peerages were put up for sale, and the payments were entered in the books of the Exchequer. Even purchase was a better title than that of the minions of James I. A notable addition was made to the peerage by the harem of Charles II. Twelve peers were created at once by Bolingbroke to carry the treaty of Utrecht, which, besides betraying the fruits of national victory in a long war, involved infamous treachery to an ally. Pitt immensely increased the peerage by creations bestowed almost always for mere party services. Nelson, it is true, going into action, cried, "A peerage or Westminster Abbey !" But then he thought of the coronet on his own brow, not on that of the tenth transmitter. After the battle of the Nile, Pitt, who could lavish the highest grades of the peerage on nonentities, threw the lowest to Nelson. He said that nobody would ask whether Nelson was a viscount or a baron. In other words, the title bore no relation to the service or the glory.



The war against revolutionary France was commenced in the interest of privilege. In the war the peers showed the tenacity for which aristocracies are famous. But they threw the burden on the people. They made no patriotic sacrifice themselves, gave up not a single sinecure, cut down not one plethoric salary. The people were pressed into the navy, decoyed into the army, shed their blood under such commanders as the Duke of York, were starved by war prices of food. The peers sat at home revelling in the high rent which war prices produced, and lauding themselves for their firmness of purpose. The seamen, on whom the salvation of the country depended, were defrauded of their pay and rations till they were driven to a mutiny which brought the nation to the verge of destruction. Napier said that the British army fought under the cold shade of an aristocracy, and he might have extended his remark with emphasis to the British navy. In the glories of either arm the aristocratic Government had little part.

Nothing is more sad or more significant than the state of the criminal law when the aristocracy was at the height of its power. It showed a hideous lavishness of plebeian blood. The number of capital offences amounted at last to one hundred and sixty, the offences being almost all those of the poor, while the rich indulged in duelling and any other vice to which they had a mind.



For a soldier or a sailor to beg without a license, was death, though it was lawful for people of quality to plunder the public. Shoplifting was death. A child not ten years old was once under sentence for it. A poor woman, whose husband had been pressed as a sailor, took something from a shop to keep her from starving. She was condemned to be hanged, and was carried to Tyburn with a child at her breast. Stealing from the person was death. An acquaintance of my own told me that, through his access to the Home Secretary, he had been the means of saving from the gallows a man who had taken something from the person of another in a tipsy brawl. Romilly's efforts in the cause of mercy were again and again defeated in the Lords, and in the majority against abolishing the punishment of death for a petty theft, there voted seven bishops. So infectious was the air of that hall. Democracy has had fits of sanguinary madness, such as the French Reign of Terror, but when it is itself it is humane. Not that the noblemen and ladies either of France or England were cruel. There was nothing cruel in Madame de Sévigné, though she speaks in one of her letters with graceful levity of peasants being hanged by the score or broken on the wheel. It was simply that she and her caste at heart hardly recognized the link of a common humanity between them and the peasant or anyone who was not noble. Known to all is Carlyle's French Duchess, who

said that God would think twice before He damned a man of quality. The Duchess of Buckingham, in answer to an invitation from the Methodist Lady Huntington to attend her chapel, wrote, "The doctrines of the Methodist preachers are most repulsive and strongly tinged with impertinence towards their superiors in perpetually endeavouring to level the ranks and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth."

The slackness of the attendance in the House of Lords while London is full of peers amusing themselves has been a constant scandal. Great questions are debated and settled in a discreditable thin House. In vain the better members of the order have preached duty. There are bright exceptions, men whom nature has made of her finest clay; but as a rule duty has not its seat in the bosoms of those who are brought up to wealth which they have not earned, and to rank which they have not won. Heredity, considering that it is a real force in the animal kingdom, seems to prevail wonderfully little in the mental succession of men. "All great men have fools for their sons; you see what a fool that son of mine is," was reported to have been the naïve exclamation of a distinguished personage in England. But the horse or the dog of generous breed is not spoiled by aristocratic

training. Horace sings that the valiant are the sons of valiant sires, and that the eagle never begets the dove. The eaglet will not be worthy of his sire if you bring him up like a Strasburg goose. The highest meed of admiration is due to the man who has been able to resist the influences which surround the coroneted cradle of a peer. The wonder is not that so many of the British aristocracy have been and are content to be mere men of pleasure, but that so many have tried and are trying to be something more.

The French aristocracy, after its reign of insolence and vice, when the day of trial came, ran away and left its king to the guillotine. The British aristocracy, happily, is not likely to be tried in so tragic a way, and if it were, would show a better front. But its situation is at this moment critical, and it does not seem to rise to the emergency. We hear of efforts to make up for the fall of rents by speculations in land, and sometimes in American heiresses, but not of increased effort in the performance of either social or parliamentary duty. Nor, unhappily, does the number of social scandals decrease.

I fail to see what good British aristocracy has done the community since it ceased to be an order of feudal duty and became an order of mere rank and privilege. The most glorious hour in the national annals since the Middle Ages seems to me to be that of the Commonwealth,

when aristocracy was out of the way. History, as I read it, offers no assurance that national character can draw any genuine nobility, or national counsels any true wisdom, from that spring. But let England look to this. We do not presume to interfere with her political development. If she thinks that the retention of aristocracy for a while can save her from plunging into a democracy of passion, demagogism, and faction, practical wisdom will counsel her to retain it without a regard for democratic theory. But here hereditary rank has never had a home, and never can have one. It can only misdirect aspiration and pervert development. To inoculate our body politic with it is to inoculate the living from a corpse. Even in Europe the hereditary principle is dead at the root. Hereditary monarchy lingers in life because it has been divested of all power. But the house of Lords, I believe, is now the only hereditary assembly left, though in some other assemblies there is an hereditary element. The grand type of hereditary royalty, the monarchy of the Bourbons in France, has been replaced by a republic. To fancy that the intrusion of the hereditary principle can give stability to our institutions is absurd. Stability we want indeed, but we must look for it elsewhere.

Grades of social condition, differences between rich and poor, employer and employed, learned and unlearned, skilled and unskilled, there are, and unfortunately will be

till society undergoes a transmutation which is not likely to come in our time, whatever social possibilities there may be in the womb of the future. The social organism, like everything else in the universe, so far as we can see, is full of imperfections. But we need not make matters worse by drawing artificial lines. Hereditary rank does draw such lines. It has exercised a bad influence in this way on the whole frame of society in aristocratic countries. Exclusiveness runs all down the social grade, and the farmer's wife is "my lady" to the wife of the hired man.

Respect for rank, we are always told, is inherent in man. Surely not respect for rank wholly unconnected with merit or service. Surely not respect for the rank of a fool or a profligate. This has been engrafted on human nature by the aristocratic system and has now struck pretty deep roots, but it is no more a part of human nature than any other folly or baseness. There is a well-known story of a man who bet that he would slap a perfect stranger on the back in Pall Mall without offending him, and won his bet by telling the stranger, when he turned upon him in a fury, that he had taken him for a nobleman of his acquaintance whom he wonderfully resembled. The sentiment typified by this story, though common, we may hope is not ineradicable. It is true that American Republicans often show it in an extreme

form; but are they not always ashamed of it? The love of titles is natural enough. But once more, against titles there is nothing to be said, so long as they denote genuine service of any kind to the community. It is not likely that those who care most for them, or for any external distinction, will be the most high-minded and truly noble of mankind. The authority by which they are awarded never can be like that of which the voice is heard in a man's own breast. Still the love of them is natural and they have their use. We have only to take care that they are not multiplied to an absurd extent, that we have not more honourables than men without that handle to their names, more colonels than civilians, more Grand Arches than simple mortals, more bashaws with three tails than people without any tails at all.

Feudal titles are one of the social influences which combine to give a false direction to what, if the phrase is not pedantic, may be called our political æsthetics. So long as we have bodily senses and our minds are impressed through them, it will really be of consequence that the outward form and vesture of government should be truly symbolic of its character; that it should have a majesty, however democratic and simple, of its own. We miss that mark when we try to reproduce the antique pomp of an old feudal monarchy without its genuine magnificence, and without the historical associations by



which its absoluteness is redeemed. You will know what I mean if you will recall to mind the account which was given us of the opening of Parliament the other day. Plainly the ceremony was a travesty of the opening of Parliament at Westminster, with its military pride, its great officers of State glittering with decorations, and its peeresses in full dress filling the gallery. The opening of the great council of the nation ought to be a solemn act, but that is not the way to make it solemn.

Knighthood, as we began by saying, not being hereditary, is not properly aristocratic. King William IV. was fond of making after-dinner speeches. On one occasion he found himself seated between a Duke of Royal descent and a tradesman who had been knighted as Lord Mayor. This gave him an opportunity of pointing out that in England everything was open to merit. "On my right," he said, "sits the Duke of Buckingham, with the blood of the Plantagenets in his veins; on my left sits Sir Somebody Something raised from the very dregs of the people." But though not strictly aristocratic, knight-hood is feudal, as the fees paid to the herald office testify to the knight's cost. It carries with it aristocratic as well as military associations. Surely a more appropriate decoration might be conferred on a portly financier, a veteran politician, or a venerable man of science, than that which was borne by Sir Galahad and the Knights of the Round

Table. Some of the leading men of letters and science in England are understood to have declined the honour. Perhaps the effort of self-denial was not great, since their beneficent eminence would have shared the distinction with almost domestic services performed to the court. But a feeling of the inappropriateness of the title probably mingled with the well-founded conviction that their merit stood in need of no title at all. Among ourselves men worthy of all distinction in different lines, men whom this community would itself have delighted to honour, have accepted knighthoods. Others not less worthy have refused them, and for the sacrifice involved in the refusal our gratitude is due.

There is an objection to honours not conferred by the community in which the man lives and acts. They divide his allegiance. If he is a politician he steers the ship of State with an eye always turned to the country from which his honour comes, like those ecclesiastical statesmen of the Middle Ages who steered the national barque with an eye always turned to Rome. If his aspirations are social they are diverted from Canada to Mayfair. This is no slight evil. The tendency of those who have earned wealth on this side of the Atlantic to spend it on the other side is great enough, without the additional stimulus of a special affiliation to British society. The inducements are obvious and the tendency

accordingly is excusable. Society in the Old Country is more brilliant, services are better, the means of enjoying wealth in every way are greater. But here is the post of social duty, and, as pleasure without duty palls, of genuine happiness. These are not times in which those who ought to be active leaders of society can afford to be absentees. If our municipal affairs, among other things, do not go right, the reason is, in part, that the right men do not take hold of them; and the reason of that again, in part, is, that our social chiefs are apt to be almost as much citizens of London as of Toronto.

Honours awarded by a distant authority will sometimes be awarded in ignorance. I have heard a Colonial Secretary admit that his office in one instance had made a serious mistake. It may be said with some force, on the other hand, that titles not in the gift of the party leader cannot, like Senatorships, be swept into the party fund. On this point we should feel more assured if we knew more about the process of recommendation, which at present is behind the veil. We unfortunately know it to be possible that, where the community has pronounced deserved censure, a title of honour may be conferred, as if for the express purpose of nullifying the public verdict and trampling on the justice of the nation.

Can it be said that as a matter of fact titles of chivalry have brought a chivalrous sense of honour to the breasts of their possessors, thence to radiate over the community at large? To that question the history of the Pacific Railway Scandal is the answer. Who have done more to corrupt public morality, to lower the tone of public life, to saturate the country with corruption, to degrade the public press into an organ of ignoble passion and a dagger for the assassination of character, than men who are described as appearing at the meeting of Parliament glittering with golden embroidery and with the Grand Cross of an order of chivalry on their breasts? Who make war on their political opponents by slanderous charges of conspiracy and treason? Who accept the services of spies and use letters obtained by dishonourable means? If we were asked to say whose name, among all our politicians, has been most associated with the practice of corruption, are we sure that the bearer of an hereditary title would not be the man? If an equivocal trade was denounced in Parliament, would you be surprised beyond measure to hear that it was by the heir to a title that the trade was being plied?

To us the models of aristocratic character are our Governors-General. High specimens of all that is best in their order on the whole they have been. Being constitutionally deprived of all real power, they have seldom

had even a chance of showing of what metal they were made. But when they have had a chance, has heroic self-sacrifice been displayed? Have we even looked for anything of the kind? When a Governor-General has been called upon to shield accused Ministers by taking an inquiry out of the hands of the Grand Inquest of the nation and transferring it to a Commission appointed by the accused, to consent to the lawless dismissal of his own representative for the gratification of party vengeance, to make an appointment to the judiciary at which the whole legal profession cried shame, to allow a tricky and perfidious use to be made of the prerogative of dissolution, has it been thought possible that he should say, I know my constitutional position, and on all questions of policy I will follow the advice of my Ministers, but I will not lend my name to dishonour, and if you force me, I will go home. *Noblesse oblige* is not true. *Noblesse absout* would be nearer the truth. A man of rank is apt to feel, and with reason, that though he may not do what would be expected of untitled men, his rank and position are secure. The unconstitutional dissolution of Parliament for a party purpose has shown us that the presence of a man of rank as the head of our polity is no security for the maintenance of public right or for the integrity of our institutions.

These Imperial decorations are naturally dear to Im-

perialists, who see in them a remaining link of the political connection. This reason, of course, will not weigh, or rather it will weigh in the opposite scale, with those who see in political connection only a survival of the obsolete belief that colonists remain personal liegemen of the monarch of the mother country, and are convinced that the whole course of things has been tending, and will continue to tend, towards Independence. My respected friend, Principal Grant, in a review which he has done me the honour to write of a little work of mine, says that it is impossible that an Englishman, especially one brought up in so narrow a place as the University of Oxford, and I suppose he would add, on a study so contracting to the mind as History, after being in Canada only twenty years, can understand Canadian sentiment. British-Canadian sentiment I presume he means, for he can hardly think that the sentiments of British and French-Canadians are alike occult and at the same time perfectly identical. How comes it, then, I would ask, that the words of a Governor-General are oracles, even though he may be an Oxford man and have not been in Canada twenty days? Is this again a case of that respect for rank inherent in human nature, and which made the man in our story feel so charmed on being told that he had been mistaken for a duke? A more important question is, if there is such a gulf between the sentiment of the Englishman and that of the




Canadian, what use can there be in struggling against geography to keep England and Canada in political connection with each other? Sentiment means character, tendencies, aspirations. If in these the communities are two, what political machinery or gimcrackery will ever make them one? Nativism and Imperialism do not hang well together. If I were not disqualified for judging, on the grounds assigned by my friend, I should say that I do see a difference between the political character of the Englishman and that of the Canadian, and that while it is partly the difference between the citizen of a nation and the citizen of a dependency, it is partly also the difference between a citizen of the Old and a citizen of the New World. The stronger an affection is the less one feels inclined to parade it, and I do not always want to be shouting on the house-top that I love Old England. I leave that to loyalists on their road to Ottawa to demand an increase of the duties on British goods. But that I do love Old England, no one in England, I believe, of my acquaintance doubts. I must confess, however, that I do not value baronetcies and knighthoods any the more on account of their tendency to perpetuate a bond, the disadvantages and dangers of which are every day becoming more apparent, while its dissolution, if brought about in kindness, would only strengthen the bond of the heart. I am one of those who go, in a certain sense, beyond Imperial Federation, inasmuch as I desire a moral

federation not only of the fifty millions but of the hundred and twenty millions of the English-speaking race, leaving each section of the race to regulate its political institutions and its commercial affairs in accordance with its own interests and the circumstances of its own case. If this is treason, it is treason from which some Englishmen who were supposed to be good patriots and good servants of the Crown have not been free.

---

# JINGOISM.\*

---

INGOISM, I suppose, is a word now naturalized in our language. It is the only word we have corresponding to the French "Chauvinism." It seems that Chauvinism is derived from the name of Colonel Chauvin, a fire-eating patriot in a French comedy. Jingoism is derived as you know, from the words of the stave sung in the London music halls when Great Britain was quarrelling with Russia :

" We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,  
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too,"

which, when Lord Beaconsfield brought the Sepoys to Malta, was parodied thus :

" We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,  
We'll stay at home at ease ourselves and send the mild Hindoo."

That is just what the warriors of the music hall do. Glorious with the excitement of the beer and the fiddling, they send other men by their votes to the field of slaughter and again swell with pride as they read the tale of carnage in the newspaper. Yet if they could once

---

\* Delivered before the Young Mens Liberal Club, Toronto, Nov. 8th, 1891.

see the wreck of a battlefield or the contents of a field-hospital, the spectacle might counteract the effects of the beer and fiddles.

All honour to the character of the true soldier. Nobody, I suppose, who professes Christianity would say that he wants more wars than can be helped. There are some even fastidious enough to think that blessings of colours by the clergy, and trophies hung up in churches are rather difficult to reconcile with the Sermon on the Mount. But we cannot help seeing that the time is yet far distant when, according to the Prophet, the lion will eat straw like the ox. Some of the old causes of war are nearly, if not wholly, extinct. We are not likely to have more wars for religion or for dynastic right. Bare-faced wars of conquest will hardly be waged again by civilized governments ; the last were waged not by a civilized government, but by a Corsican\* and his heir. On the other hand, Protectionism, coming back to us from the tomb of medieval ignorance, may revive international hatred and set us again fighting to destroy our neighbour's harvest lest it should add to the plenty of our own. Then there are wars of race and revived nationality, such as the Pan-Slavonic crusades of Russia and the War of Hungarian independence. There are rights still to be defended, powers of violence and wrong

---

\* The late Lord Russell used to say that when he had an interview with Napoleon at Elba upon his mentioning war the dominant passion gleamed in Napoleon's eye.

still to be restrained. To disarm all civilized nations would be to put the world at the mercy of the barbarians. Besides, order may sometimes require to be upheld against anarchy, and no one upholds it so well as the regular soldier who does not share the political passions, and fires only at the word of command. Arbitration has done much to supersede war, and it may do more, but it cannot do all. Pride or cupidity will sometimes admit no arbitrator but the sword. All Europe is in arms, rumours of impending hostilities come to us by every other mail, and though the dread of a conflict so terrible as this would be has hitherto been great enough to prolong a precarious and uneasy peace, it seems as if from mere tension and the intolerable pressure of the expense, one of the powers must some day break. Meantime who does not pay homage to the military virtues, to the soldier's contempt of pain and death, his endurance of fatigue and hardship, his loyalty to duty, his self-devotion, his noble submission to discipline, and the chivalrous forbearance towards conquered foes, by which he has made modern war a great school of humanity? In an age in which respect for authority is weak, and what is called self-government is being carried to the verge of anarchy, military discipline is an element which civilization itself could ill afford to lose. Nor can commercial communities, with their stock exchanges and their gold rooms, afford to part with the army as a school of honour. Amidst

all the suspicions of corruption which were abroad in the United States at the time of the Civil War, no shadow, as far as I remember, fell on the characters of the West Point men. We have learned to talk with horror of a government of musketeers and pikemen. Is it certain that the Commonwealth would be worse off in the hands of musketeers and pikemen, like those of Cromwell, the flower of the citizens in arms for a great cause, than it is in the hands of the political bosses and wirepullers who rule it now ?

Englishmen of my age have heard not only the stories of Inkerman and Sobraon but those of the Peninsula and Waterloo from the lips of men who fought there. There was no swagger or fanfaronade about these men. They did not even betray a love of war. Lord Hardinge used always to speak of war with horror, like Marlborough, who, after Malplaquet, prayed that he might never be in another battle. Yet Lord Hardinge was the Governor-General of India who doffed his vice-royalty to serve against the Sikhs at Sobraon. Returning from famous fields, the British soldier marches to his barracks with the simplicity of veterans amidst public emotion rather deep than loud. Simplicity is the garb of genuineness. Strange to say, it is not in the old military countries but in these industrial and intellectual communities of ours that the passion for martial show most prevails. Is it that we



want to avoid being set down as shopkeepers, or that there is something feminine in industrial character which disposes it to "flirt with scarlet and coquet with steel"? The Volunteer movement in England was no mere pastime. It was a serious effort called forth by a danger which lowered from the dark councils of the French Emperor, and of the reality of which there has since been conclusive proof. The cause of our delight in the pageantry, perhaps, is simply our ignorance of the grim realities of war.

All honour once more to the character of the true soldier, and above all when he is fighting in defence of his country. Country is a circle of affection intermediate between the family and mankind, with which few are yet cosmopolitan enough to suppose that we can dispense. But we should all say, I suppose, that the love of country must be kept within the limits of morality. American Jingoism, at the time of the aggression on Mexico, said that "they were for the country right or wrong." That was a doctrine of devils. It was also a doctrine of fools; for the nation which acted on it would soon have the world for its enemy, and would find that, though morality is not so strong as we could wish, it is stronger than any robber horde. Somebody argued the other day that a nation which hurt other nations in promoting its own interests was no more to be blamed than the hunter who

killed game for his dinner. But we are becoming awake to the fact that a nation cannot hurt other nations without hurting itself, the nations being, like men, a community and members one of another. Among the pleasantest memories of my life I reckon my intercourse with Joseph Mazzini. Mazzini passionately loved his country, if ever man did, and he kindled in the breasts of Italian youth the fire of patriotism which set his Italy free. But he was not a Jingo any more than he was a Jacobin. He was a man of deeply religious nature, and his aspirations were thoroughly moral. With lifelong devotion he served the nation, but he regarded the nation itself as the servant and organ of humanity. I have always looked upon the spirit which he infused as the main cause of the comparatively calm and moderate character of Italian revolution. Such a patriotism will display itself in noble ways. It will be seen in working, not in blustering, for the country, in honestly telling her the truth at whatever cost, not in offering to her the poisonous sacrifice of lies. You brag and gasconade, and you traduce your fellow-citizens for not bragging and gasconading like you. Then comes the Census, and brag and gasconade are in the dust.

Put up monuments to the heroes of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane—again we say we gladly will. The heroes of Queenston indeed have already a

monument not less creditable to Canadian taste than were their deeds to Canadian valour. But we will gladly set up a monument to the heroes of Lundy's Lane. Only let it be like that monument at Quebec, a sign at once of gratitude and reconciliation, not of the meanness of unslaked hatred. We cannot by any demonstrations appropriate to ourselves the glory of those who fought at Queenston Heights or Lundy's Lane, and why should we forever hug the quarrel which by those who did fight, if they were generous as well as brave, would probably have been long since laid aside. The soldiers of the North and South fought at Gettysburg not less desperately than the English on the north and those on the south of the Line fought at Lundy's Lane, yet they could meet again the other day as brethren on the field of the battle. Let us erect a monument to all the brave who fell at Lundy's Lane, and invite the Americans to the unveiling. The heir of many a Canadian who fought on that field is now on the American side of the Line.\*

It is well, moreover, that we, an industrial and we hope moral and enlightened community, should remember that death on the field of battle is not the only honourable death, and that many a life besides that of the soldier is

---

\* Some words in this paragraph have been construed as a personal allusion with reference to a celebration which took place long after the lecture was delivered. They had no personal reference, but were the expression of a general sentiment.

sacrificed, though without blare of trumpet or pomp of war, at the call of public duty. Why not put up monuments to the physician or the hospital nurse who dies in braving contagion, to the fireman who perishes in rescuing people from a fire, to the captain of a vessel or the driver of an engine who loses his own life in saving those of the passengers in his ship or train? Perhaps lives are sometimes offered up to the commonweal less visibly, yet not less really, than even these.

Put up monuments by all means at Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, but do not bid us celebrate Ridgeway. Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane were battles and victories, though our victory at Lundy's Lane was hardly won. Ridgeway was neither a battle nor a victory. It was a miserable affair all round. Nor was it an American attack on Canada; it was an attack of Irish Fenians on a dependency of Great Britain. The American Government might have stopped it more promptly, considering that through the whole of the Civil War Canada had scrupulously done her international duty; but some allowance must be made for the irritation caused among people struggling for national existence by the hostile bearing of a powerful party in England and by the taunts of the British press. It was right that those who had fallen in the service of the country should receive honourable burial. But surely over those graves the grass

might be allowed to grow. When after the lapse of a quarter of a century the memory of such an event is laboriously revived, who can doubt the motive?

Once more we must earnestly protest against the attempt to use the public schools as nurseries of party passion, which has been repeated since my first lecture. Such a course is not only uncivic, it is unpatriotic, for patriotism can never run counter to public right. It is even unmanly; the mind of a child is defenceless: if we want to propagate our opinions or sentiments let us seek entrance for them into the minds of men. The object cannot be doubtful. For why should the anniversaries, of victories gained in war with the Americans be picked out as the occasion for stirring up the patriotism of our children? Are there no other victories in British history? Why should the list be confined to the victories of war at all? For an industrial nation, has not peace her victories as well as war? If a party use is to be made of the public schools, ratepayers will be looking not only to the elections of Mayor and Aldermen, but to those of school trustees, which at present most of them allow to go by default. Hoisting of flags, chanting of martial songs, celebration of battle anniversaries, erection of military monuments, decoration of patriotic graves, arming and reviewing of the very children in our public schools—if Jingoism finds itself in need of all

these stimulants, we shall begin to think that it must be sick.

What do our Jingoës want? Do they really wish to provoke a war with the United States? From their language and that of the leaders of their party at elections we might think they did. Have they measured the chances of such a war, even supposing each of them to be a Paladin? Have they counted its cost? Their thoughts are full of the glories of 1812. Have they considered how much the invader's resources and his power of bringing them to bear have increased since that time? Do they fancy that Canada is still a fortress of forests? Have they provided for the defence of the great and unfortified cities which she had not in 1812, but now has on her frontier open to the enemy's attack? They reckon on the protection of the British army and fleet. Does it not occur to them that the British army and fleet may at the time have enough to do in protecting the British shores? Suppose the British ironclads could bombard American cities, do they think that the destruction of American cities would make up for the wreck of Canadian industry and the desolation of Canadian homes? Have they even studied the history of the War of 1812, marked how, as the struggle went on, the Americans learned discipline, and noted how different was their fighting at Lundy's Lane from what it had been



at Detroit or Chateaugay? Above all let us ask again, who are to be the enemy? Those million and a half of Canadians and their children who are already on the South of the Line and whose numbers are swelled every year by the very flower of Canadian youth—are they to be fired on by their own fathers and brothers? French Canada, through the immense migration into the adjoining States, is now actually astride the Line—will the Northern half of it take arms against the Southern half? Will it do this if France is on the enemy's side? We talk proudly of our flag, the symbol of our nationality; but the flag of Quebec is the tricolor.

In challenging the United States, our Jingoës always assume that they have Great Britain behind them. But they forget that in Great Britain there no longer reigns an aristocracy able and willing to make war with the blood and earnings of the people. The people have now something to say to the question, and who that knows anything of their present temper can imagine that they would be ready, for any Canadian question, to go to war with the United States? Their feelings towards us are as kindly as possible, but their interest in us is comparatively slight, especially since we have definitely renounced the commercial unity of the Empire, and laid protective duties on British goods. There are two or three English politicians who make Canada their speci-

alty, and are credited with understanding our affairs and running us. But the British people, as a mass, hardly ever turn their eyes this way.

It seems that nothing can conjure the spectre of American aggression. We were once more told the other day that we were lying under the colossal shadow of a rapacious neighbour, whose greedy maw was gaping to devour us. Colossal our neighbour and his shadow may be, but where are the signs of his rapacity? He has an army of twenty-five thousand men, mainly employed in fighting Indians. At the close of the Civil War the Americans had a vast and victorious army; they had also a great fleet; yet they showed no disposition to attack us. Let me say once more that I have been going among the Americans now for more than twenty years; I have held intercourse with people of all classes, parties, professions, characters, and ages, including the youth of a University who are sure to speak as they feel. I never heard the slightest expression of a wish to aggress on Canada, or to force her into the Union. The motives for annexation which existed in the days of Slavery now exist no more. The fire-eating and aggressive spirit which Slavery bred, and which found utterance in the Ostend manifesto, departed with the institution which was its source. I do not doubt that by the Americans generally Canada would be welcomed if she came of her own accord.

The union of this Continent is a natural aspiration, and surely one at least as rational, as moral, and as beneficent as those cravings of ambition which set the Powers of the Old World by the ears. But among the politicians there would be a strong minority against admission, because they are afraid that it would disturb their party combinations. I have heard some of them avow this in the plainest terms. Protectionism, moreover, is as narrow and selfish on that side as on ours, and would see the aspirations of this Continent or of mankind defeated rather than pull down a tariff wall. American councils are not dark, like those of a despot, that we should be afraid of secret plots being hatched against us at Washington. American councils are as open as our own. If there were any design against us we should be sure to be apprised of it at the next political picnic.

The McKinley Act, we are persistently told, was directed against us, and intended to coerce us into the resignation of our independence. My friend, Sir George Baden-Powell, repeats that cry. Was the Act directed against us more than against England, France, Germany, or any of the other nations which suffered by it and are protesting against it? If it was a stroke of policy for the fulfilment of a national ambition, why did the nation condemn it by an overwhelming vote at the polls? Why in that campaign did we never hear the Act defended

as a well-concerted measure of aggrandizement? Cannot our Jingoese, who are mostly Protectionists, believe in the existence among our neighbours also of a Protectionism inspired by no loftier or subtler motive than commercial greed? Why do they abuse the McKinley Act at all? It is a splendèd illustration of their own principles. They ought to hail it as a fresh and glorious proof that the blessed light of Monopoly is spreading over the world and chasing away the dark shadows of commercial and industrial freedom.

If our Jingoese do not mean war, what is the use of stirring up hatred? Whatever our political relations, either to the United States or to Great Britain, may be destined to be, it is certain that we must share this continent with the Americans, that our interests must be bound up in a hundred ways with those of our powerful neighbours, and that on our being on good terms with them our security and prosperity must largely depend. Say as positively as you please that you are opposed to political union, the Americans will not resent your desire to remain independent. The love of independence in itself commands their respect. But why persist in saying things which they may resent, and which may lead to a fatal quarrel? England, amidst all her perils and embarrassments in Europe and Asia, has been trying to settle for us the Fisheries and Behring Sea questions at Wash-

ington. This is the time which a Canadian Government and its party choose to make our platforms ring, and to cover our walls at election time, with groundless denunciations of American ambition and gross insults to the American name and flag. England herself meantime is courting American friendship, doing her best to efface the memories of the *Alabama*, and all that was untoward at that time, putting up the bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, celebrating memorial services for Grant and Garfield, and strewing flowers on Lowell's grave. My friend, Mr. O. A. Howland, has shown in a very interesting way how Shelburne, the most enlightened statesman of his day, tried, after the severance of the American Colonies from the mother country, to bury the quarrel, and to get back to something like the family footing; and Shelburne had for his colleague Pitt, whom nobody will accuse of lack of patriotism or of national pride. We are too British for the British themselves.

If Americanophobia were not too long a word, if it were as easily pronounced as hydrophobia, perhaps it might have been the title of this Address. For Americanophobia is practically the shape which all our Jingoism takes. No Englishman—and he who addresses you is an Englishman to the core—can speak with hearty good will or admiration of the Americans so long as they cherish traditional feeling against the Old Country.



It is a mean tradition, unworthy of a great people. It is in fact the old Colonial servility turned upside down. Nor does it gain in dignity by being as it now is, in part at least, a homage to a foreign vote and in part the inspiration of Protectionism seeking its own ends. We must admit, on the other hand, that it was naturally aggravated by the conduct and language of the Jingo party, both in Great Britain and here, at the time of the Civil War. We must also admit that it is partly explained by the political relations. Suppose Scotland were a dependency of the United States and an outpost of American democracy. Suppose the democrats of Scotland were always playing up to the ambition and antipathies of their mother country by boasting that they would prevent the extension of the power of Great Britain over those islands and wrest a great cantle from the realm of monarchical and aristocratic institutions. Suppose Presidential elections in Scotland were to be fought upon the line of antagonism to the neighbouring kingdom, with violent ebullitions of anti-British feeling. Is it not likely that there would be a good deal of anti-American feeling in Great Britain? After all, in the hearts of the better Americans the sentiment is dying, and its death will be hastened by the International Copyright law, because hitherto the unfair competition to which American writers were exposed with pirated English works has helped to embitter them against England. Still no Eng-



lishman who reads what American journals and authors say of his country will be inclined to do the Americans more than justice. But to refuse to do them justice would be injustice to ourselves ; we should thereby commit ourselves to a course of policy false and suicidal as well as unkind. Those who fling about the charges of pessimism perhaps do not attach much meaning to the word, otherwise we might ask them whether anything can be more pessimistic than the assumption that one moiety of this English-speaking continent is always to be on bad terms with the other. Does not the refusal to believe in friendship with the rest of our race deserve the gloomy epithet as much as the refusal to believe that the country can be on the high road to prosperity under a system of monopoly and corruption ?

Twenty-seven years have passed since I first made acquaintance with the United States. It was at the time of the Civil War. I came out to bear to the North the sympathies of friends in England opposed to slavery, to see for them how the struggle was really going, and on my own account to witness a great political spectacle. I have always thought that the two most trying tests of national character are plague and civil war. The first thing that struck me was the absence of anything to tell one that a civil war was raging. It is true that this was an unusual case, the nation having split into halves and the fighting being confined to the Southern region

Still the national peril was extreme, the excitement was intense, and it was remarkable that social, industrial, and commercial life should be going on so calmly as it was. Civil law prevailed, personal liberty was enjoyed, the press was free, and criticized without reserve the acts of the government and the conduct of the war. At the Presidential election which I witnessed there was no interference with the liberty of speech or of the suffrage. Fiercely as the passions of the majority were roused, the minority was allowed to hold its public meetings, to celebrate its torchlight processions, to hang out its banners across the public way. On the election day order was hardly anywhere disturbed. The next thing that struck me was the union of classes. The same patriotism seemed to pervade them all. We had been told that the rich, being politically ostracised, were disaffected to the Republic; but this many of them at all events by their devotion to her cause, their self-sacrifice, and the cheerfulness with which they bore the public burdens, belied. The third thing that struck me was the unity of the different States. We had been led to believe in England that the East was dragging on the unwilling West; but I was soon able to report that this was utterly untrue and that even if the East were willing to stop, the West would not. In the fourth place, I was agreeably surprised by the absence, in word and deed, of the inhumanity by which civil war is generally stained. I

saw the prison camps and satisfied myself that the inmates were suffering no hardship not inseparable from their condition of prisoners of war. I saw a prison hospital in which the patients were as carefully treated as they could be in any hospital, and the table was spread for the convalescents on Thanksgiving Day with all the good things of the season. This was when the North was ringing with the reports of the cruel treatment of its soldiers in Confederate prison camps. Scarcely ever did I hear even an utterance of truculent sentiment against the South. The people generally said that they were fighting to assert the law, and that if the South would submit to the law they did not wish to do it any further harm. No vengeance was taken by the victors; not a drop of blood was shed on the political scaffold; no penalties were inflicted beyond civil disabilities, and even these were speedily removed. Europe, looking to the history of previous civil wars, believed that an overthrow of the Constitution by the army and a military usurpation would be the end. The result was a glorious contradiction of that belief. Great powers were necessarily thrown into the hands of President Lincoln, but he never betrayed the slightest inclination to abuse or even to enlarge them; and when a general, flushed with victory, allowed himself to be betrayed into an encroachment on the authority of the civil government, his soldiers, though they adored him, showed that they would not follow him

beyond the line of his duty. The Constitution came though the Civil War unchanged, or changed only in the direction of liberty. Respect for law, which is the sheet-anchor of republics, could in that republic scarcely be wanting.

Political evils and dangers in the United States, of course there are. There is corruption in American politics. I do not believe now that anybody at Washington can be bought. But there is corruption in some State Legislatures. At Washington there is still the purchase of powerful votes, such as that of the protected manufactures or that of the Grand Army at the expense of the public policy and the interest of the taxpayer. But is corruption, or the purchase of the votes of protected manufacturers and other interests by sinister concessions, confined to the United States? It is as needless as it would be nauseous to dwell on the revelations which have filled all Canadians with grief and shame. When was a President of the United States who sought re-election, found assembling the protected manufacturers in a Red Parlour and taking their contributions to his election fund? When was it proved that an American Minister of State had been forming illicit relations with public contractors and taking money from them for political purposes, while he allowed them to defraud the State? The Americans are not callous. A leading politician was

driven from public life for an act of corruption which in some countries would be thought venial, and a bare suspicion of something of the kind cost a popular and powerful candidate his election to the Presidency. The elective system of government is everywhere on its trial. Nowhere has it yet been proved that the system can be carried on without party; that party, when there is no great issue of principle, can be prevented from becoming faction; or that a faction can be held together by any means but corruption. The same experiment is being made in the United States, in Canada, in the Parliamentary countries of Europe, and in Australia; and everywhere in its present stage it wears the same doubtful aspect. Government for the people we hope and trust, will never again perish from the earth: whether government by the people can endure, and in what form, is the great political problem of these days.

Somebody is very fond of throwing in my teeth something which I wrote about the evils and perils of Presidential elections. I have not a word to retract. Presidential elections, as now conducted, are an excrescence on the American Constitution, the framers of which intended the election to be made, not by popular suffrage with a furious conflict between parties, but by a college of select citizens in a tranquil and deliberate way; though it is strange that men so sagacious should not



have foreseen what the practical working of their machinery would be. These contests, which evoke almost the passions of a civil war, will have to be discontinued or mitigated if the Republic is to endure; perhaps if Canada ever joins the Union the opportunity of constitutional revision may be embraced, and some improvement in Presidential elections may be made. But those who bid us compare with the turbulence of a Presidential election in the United States the tranquil appointment of a Governor-General of Canada are looking for the point of comparison in the wrong place. The Governor-General does not answer to the President. When there is a crisis in American politics the President is always at Washington. When there is a crisis in Canadian politics the Governor-General goes fishing. What answers to the Presidency here is the Premiership, and the counterpart of a Presidential election is not the appointment of a Governor-General but the General Election, at which the question who shall be Premier is virtually decided. We have just had one of these general elections, and I would ask, looking back on that election, on the manner in which and the time at which it was brought on, the pretence put forth for the Dissolution, the real motive for it which now appears, the part which the Governor-General was made passively to play in palming a falsehood upon the nation, the issue on which the battle was fought, and which involved the treatment



of half the citizens not as dissidents but as traitors, the means by which the Government gained its victory, including the bribery of provinces and constituences with promises of public outlay—looking back on all this, I say, are you prepared to say that there is much difference to our advantage between a Presidential election in the United States and a general election in this country? When was the American nation insulted by bringing one of its ambassadors from Europe to take the lead in a party conflict and ply the engine of party corruption? When did public men of the highest standing in the United States, to fix an infamous charge on their opponents, make use of documents filched from printing offices or of stolen or betrayed letters? If to the men who do such things public monuments are raised, honour will desire to rest in an unnoted grave. Observe, too, that the Imperial Government, from the political and moral tutelage of which such benefits are supposed to be derived, approved, in the person of Lord Salisbury, the fraud practised on the nation and cabled its congratulations on the victory of corruption. Nay, it was from England, as there seems reason to believe, that the word came commanding the managers of a Canadian railway built with public money to aid a party government in trampling on public right.

The excesses of party spirit among our neighbours, it must be granted, are often deplorable, and most fatal to

the commonweal. But are they less deplorable or less fatal to the commonweal here? Are not we in Canada always flying at each other's throats for mere political Shibboleths and sacrificing to an empty name our country's manifest interest and our own? Does not faction among us, as well as among our neighbours and kinsmen, condone dishonesty, wink at public theft, prefer the rogue who wears its own colours to the honest man who wears the colours of the other party or not at all? In which constituency of this Dominion would simple uprightness, ability, and patriotism, wearing the colour of neither faction, receive a dozen votes? Is the evil machinery of party, with its bosses, its wirepullers, confined to the American Commonwealth? Is it in the American Commonwealth alone that the service of party gives birth to a swarm of place-hunters, seeking to feed upon the public instead of making their bread by honest trades? Everything with us is on a smaller scale, but otherwise are not all things much the same? Have we not the same political difficulties to struggle against and the same good and steadfast hope of surmounting them in the end?

We all know what there is to be said, and what patriotic Americans say, against the the American Press, especially against the party journals; and evils in this quarter are most serious, because the power of the Press being

so great as it is, whatever poisons journalism, poisons the mind and heart of a nation. But let me ask you, can you name any two organs in the United States, or anywhere else, which have done more to disgrace journalism, to deprave the public taste, to degrade political discussion into a slanderous brawl, and to fill the community with mean and malignant passions, than the two successive personal organs of a Tory Prime Minister of Canada ?

We are told to consider the massacre at New Orleans, and then say whether we will have anything to do with people among whom such atrocities can take place. The murder club which, by assassinating a city officer, created the public panic and provoked the massacre, was not American or Republican. It was Italian, the offspring of a country which, for many centuries, had been under the government of the despot and the priest. Louisiana is not like New England. It is an old Slave State, and slavery has everywhere left its traces, in a disregard for the sanctity of human life. This is the account of the lynchings of negroes, which still disgrace the South, and probably of the long list of unpunished murders in Kentucky. But who are they among us that point the finger of reprobation at the violence which slavery bred ? They are the very men who, when the mortal struggle between Freedom and Slavery was going on, were the enthusiastic friends and backers of the Slave Power.

Municipal maladministration, waste, and malversation, again, are very prevalent in the United States. But are they less prevalent under the same system of municipal government elsewhere? Is not the elective system of government for cities, as well as for nations everywhere, still on its trial? Does anybody, in any country, feel yet assured of its success? Tammany, no doubt, is of all municipal scandals the greatest: but Tammany is to a great extent, a power resting mainly on foreign support.

The foreign element in the United States is another bugbear often held up by those who would scare us away from the connection. The foreign element is unquestionably a source of danger, and the Americans themselves, by the legislative restrictions which they are imposing on immigration, show that they are alive to the fact. But is the influence of the foreign element on the councils of the American commonwealth more alien in its character or more sinister than the influence of the French element on ours?

Nor does anybody deny that there are social as well as political evils and dangers in the United States. The gravest of them perhaps are those which threaten the family through the increasing frequency of divorce. But this disturbance, like the unsettlement of the relations between the sexes generally, is the malady of all countries, though at present in different degrees. Nor is the

divorce law of Illinois and Indiana the divorce law of the whole Union. The tendency of American legislatures of late, I believe, has been rather against increased facility of divorce. At any rate we may maintain friendly relations and trade with our neighbours without adopting their divorce laws, or the theories which some of them may have embraced about the character and the proper functions of woman.

So it is with the industrial and economical disturbances; in the lesser country they are on a smaller scale, but in kind they are common to the whole continent and to Europe and Australia as well. We have had our difficulties with the Knights of Labour and have seen labour disturbances in our streets. If we have not Trusts, we have combines, organs, like the Trusts, of a spirit of grasping monopoly which seeks to engross the profits of trade regardless of the public weal. Nor is it easy to see how, without a far stronger government than our present system can furnish, the community is to be protected in either case.

The vulgar luxury and all the other evils which attend overgrown fortunes are of course at their height and most repulsive where the country being the richest, fortunes are most overgrown. No shoddy perhaps is so gorgeous as that of New York. But has New York a monopoly of shoddy? Does not every rich city in a commercial coun-

try produce wealth unrefined by culture, unennobled by duty, which solicits admiration by its magnificence and provokes a smile of contempt. We hope that this will everywhere be worked off by civilization in time. Nowhere has it been worked off yet.

Under the policy which at present prevails, we are constantly sending into the United States the flower of Canadian youth. Do these men become base and hateful, when they cross the line? The two sections of English-speaking people are in a state of social fusion: that is the fact; and with fusion assimilation must come. Some men seem to fancy that they can make themselves English gentlemen by parading contempt for Yankees. Let them indulge the fancy and be happy. But the truth is that if you were taken with your eyes bandaged from Canadian to American society, you would hardly be conscious of the change. One cannot help thinking, when some of our Jingoës are reviling the Yankee, that if we were to quarrel with the United States for the difference between them and the Yankee, it will be the smallest bone of contention that ever set two nations by the ears.

All these imaginary or conventional antipathies, whether political, or social, are apt to betray their unreality as soon as the touchstone of interest is applied. How many Jingoës are there who would refuse a good berth



on the other side of the line ? Some of the most violent abuse of the Continental Policy and party here comes from Canadian Jingoos settled in the United States. Yet these patriots have not scrupled where their own interest was concerned to embrace a policy eminently Continental.

Our book-stores and libraries are full of American literature. Our magazine literature is chiefly American. Not only our intellectual tastes but moral and social character will be in some danger if we are always imbibing the effusions of depravity and baseness.

It is not likely, gentlemen, that I shall ever again address you or any other audience on the subject of Canadian politics. A political student when to the best of his power he has laid a question in all its bearings before the community has done all that it pertains to him to do and must leave the rest to the practical politician. Besides, the sand in my hour-glass is low, and before it quite runs out, there are a few things gathered during a student's life which I should like, if I can, to put in shape. I see it is said again that nothing which I write can take hold because I have never shared the national aspirations. There are plenty of other reasons why what I write should not take hold, but as I showed in my first lecture, it is not true that I have never shared the national aspirations. Aspirations for perpetual de-

pendence and colonial peerages with which some bosoms seem to swell, I have not shared ; national aspirations I have. If you had time to waste in looking back to the old files of the two great party organs of former days, you will find frequent amenities bestowed on me for sympathizing with what was then called "Canada First." I was singled out for attack, because to attack a newcomer was much safer than to attack some who, though much more prominent, had followings and connections here. As I have said before, I never belonged to the Canada First Association. Membership of a political organization would hardly have become one who had only just settled in this country. But I did very heartily sympathize with the desire of making Canada a nation, which was the vision of my lamented friend Mr. W. A. Foster and the generous youth of Canada at that day ; and I gave the movement such assistance as I could with my pen. The movement, however, at that time failed ; its flag was suddenly allowed to fall : the star which had risen in the East and which it had followed ceased to shine. Then I, like others, had to review the situation. A community could not become a nation or acquire the national attributes of force, spirit, and dignity without independence. So far the hearts of Canada First had pointed true. But otherwise, was their vision capable of realization ? There can be no use in pursuing what is not practicable, however noble or

however fondly cherished our idea may be. Was there any real hope of blending into a nation these Provinces, geographically so disjointed, and so destitute of any bond of commercial union among themselves, while each of them separately is so powerfully attracted by commercial interest to the great English-speaking community on the South of it? Was there any real hope of fusing French with British Canada, or if they could not be fused, of bringing about a national union between them? These questions cannot be settled by our wishes or decided on horseback. I found myself compelled to answer both of them in the negative. From that time it has been my conviction that the end would be a return of the whole English-speaking race upon this continent to the union which the American Revolution broke, that to prepare for this was the task of Canadian statesmanship, and that to spend millions upon millions in vainly struggling to avert it was to waste the earnings of our people. All that has happened since has confirmed me in this belief. The difficulty of holding the Confederation together and keeping it apart from the rest of the continent, otherwise than by corruption, has seemed to me half to excuse the system of Sir John Macdonald, calamitous as the consequences of that system have been not only to the finances and the material prosperity, but to the character of our people. Nor, noble as may be the dream of a separate nationality, does it appear to me

that our lot will be mean if we are destined to play our full part in the development of civilization on this broad continent, which we hope is to be the scene of an improved and a happier humanity. Let us have hearts for the romantic and heroic past; let us have hearts also for the grand realities of life. There would surely be nothing shameful in a compact like that by which Scotland united her illustrious fortunes with the illustrious fortunes of her partner in Great Britain. There can never be a reason why we should break with our history or discard anything that is valuable in our traditions and, it may be, in our special character as colonists of Britain, who have preserved the tie. In a vast Federal Union there will always be many mansions for character, and Ontario as well as Massachusetts or Virginia may keep her own. To help in making Ontario keep her own character in the literary sphere and in building up her intellectual life, has been my Jingoism, Jingoism of a very mild type it must be owned. Of course I understand and respect: not only do I understand and respect, but I heartily share reluctance to leave the side of the mother country. But we should not in any real sense leave her side by mere political separation: probably we should draw back to her side this English-speaking continent, which it is the tendency of political complications to estrange. To be run politically by a backstairs clique in Downing Street, or by operators in the London

railway share market, is not to be at the side of the mother country. England sways us far more by her books than through her Governors. The interest of the British people is one with that of the Canadian people, as the British people begin to see. Their consent to any changes is, by me at least, always supposed. Of the Imperial Federationists I never said a harsh word. I sincerely respect their aspirations. But there are at least three parties among them, that of the Parliamentary Federationists, that of the War Federationists, and that of the Commercial Federationists, each of them at variance with the others, while, after twenty years of eloquent exposition, not one of them has yet ventured on any practical step for the fulfilment of its idea. Let them put the question to one legislature, Imperial or Colonial, and let us see what the answer will be.

I know too well that these opinions are distasteful to many. They are distasteful perhaps to many of my present audience whose thoughts and efforts point a different way. That they are gross and unsentimental, because union with our Continent would bring an increase of the material prosperity to our people, I cannot admit. Political and military sentiment are excellent in their way and within reasonable limits, but there is a sentiment also attached to material wellbeing; it is the sentiment which waits on well-rewarded industry and

has its seat in happy and smiling homes. What is the object of all our political arrangements if it is not to give us happiness in our homes? Empire which is not happiness, even though it may be world-wide, is not greatness. However, be my opinions right or wrong, my convictions have been deliberately formed and are sincere. A political student is neither bound nor excused by the exigencies of statecraft. He can serve the community only by speaking, to the best of his power, the truth and the whole truth.

While I, gentlemen, am leaving the scene, you are entering on public life. I would with my parting words conjure you at all events to look facts steadily in the face, and make up your mind one way or the other. You can afford to drift no longer. Whether your highest aim be to live and die British subjects, or to live and die members of an Imperial Federation, or to live and die Canadian freemen and citizens of this Continent, firmly embrace the policy which will lead you to that mark. Your people will not be content always to have poorer chances and to be worse off than their neighbours. They are beginning to signify this in more ways than one, above all by the melancholy token of the Exodus. Both Lord Durham and Lord Elgin told you that it would be so. Both of them said that commercial reciprocity and equality with the United States were in-



dispensable. Blindness to the future often styles itself practical wisdom, but the title is usurped and in no case more usurped than in ours. The Census tells us, with a clear, sad voice, what, if we take no thought for the future, the future is likely to be. For the few who profit by the system there may be large fortunes and baronial mansions in England, where they will win titles and social consequence by making Canada move, or pretending to make her move, in conformity with the interest of an aristocratic party in Great Britain. For the people at large there will be the inevitable fate of a country kept by artificial separation and restriction below the level of its Continent in commercial prosperity and in the rewards held out to industry. There will be a perpetual exodus of the flower of our population to the more prosperous and hopeful field; Manitoba and the North-West excluded from the commercial pale of their Continent and barred against the inflow of its migratory population, will continue to lag in the Census and in the records of material prosperity behind the neighbouring States. This loss of our active spirits will be attended with a political deadness, such as we already see accompanying commercial depression in those maritime provinces with which under an evil star Ontario has become politically bound up. With the neediness of the constituencies venality and servility will increase, and the grip of corruption will thus become stronger than

ever. So things may go on for a long time, the very impoverishment and depletion which the system causes being the evil securities for its continuance. But at last the inevitable will come. It will come, and when it does come it will not be that equal and honourable Union of which alone a patriotic Canadian can bear to think ; it will be Annexation indeed.







Dr  
55

## By the Same Author.

---

**CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTION.** 1891. Demy, 8vo., with Map, \$1.50. Also in paper, 50c.

**THE UNITED STATES:** An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871. Fifth edition. Crown, 8vo., with Map, \$2.00.

**ESSAYS ON QUESTIONS OF THE DAY, Political and Social.** Second edition. 12mo., \$2.00.

**A TRIP TO ENGLAND.** 18mo. Cloth, gilt top, 75c.; paper, 25c.

**OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES:** A view from the Radcliffe. 16mo. With Illustrations reproduced from photographs, \$1.50. Small 32mo. unillustrated edition, 75c.

**SPECIMENS OF GREEK TRAGEDY.** 2 vols., 16mo. Buckram, gilt top, \$1.25 each. Vol. I., Æschylus and Sophocles; Vol. II., Euripides.

**BAY LEAVES.** Translations from the Latin Poets. 16mo. Buckram, gilt top, \$1.25.

**LIFE OF JANE AUSTEN.** London: Walter Scott, 1890 ("Great Writers' Series.") Cloth, sm. 8vo., 1/.

**COWPER.** London: Macmillan; New York: Harper; 1880 ("English Men of Letters Series.") Cloth, 8vo., 1/.

---

**MACMILLAN & CO.,**

66 FIFTH AVENUE, - - NEW YORK.